

## HUGGOWDS WATCH SEA HEROES MARCH

## WELCOME FOR MEN IS HEARTY BUT NOT NOISY

Cocky on Their Sea Legs, Sailors Swing With Happy Strides.

## GOLD CHEVRONS ON EACH

Secretary Daniels, Gen. March and Admiral Dewey's Widow in Reviewing Stand.

A street anfield with flags under a sullen winter sky. Crowds pushing with excitement, not aroused to high pitches of cheering enthusiasm but heartily welcoming men who had done a nerve wracking job well. Bands, cheering groups of boys in uniform, critics par excellence, and in the broad stretch of open space a swinging line of men in blue marching jacket with the gold stripes of overseas service on their sleeves and the colors of their country at their head—this was Fifth Avenue welcoming the naval heroes home.

The dim, drear reaches of the Scapa Flow were behind them, the long morning watches under battle tension were bits of memory, the days of fog and gale and bitter wind in the North Sea were things to joke about, and this was New York opening its arms to the men who had upheld its traditions of the sea.

## Cocky on Their Sea Legs.

They walked cockily, happily, not with the precision of trained landsmen but with the swing of men long aloft and glad to be ashore again in their own home land. And from the sides went up little cries and sighs of happiness and pride.

It was an odd parade. One expected for these, our first massed heroes of the war, glad shouts and crashing welcome. But instead there was a restraint of what their job had been; a silent enjoyment, prideful possession, short crackling bits of applause for what took the moment's fancy, and behind it all a vast appreciation.

Their work had not been spectacular nor noisy with the stuff of which epic are made, nor of the kind to stir the popular mind. And so New York, used to its glittering and eye appealing parades, hardly knew how to take it and fell back upon a quiet gladness.

## Pride in Spectators' Faces.

They typify best to the city, these men in blue, the peace which their vigilance and the dashing brilliance of their comrades in khaki had won. They are the first fruits of victory. They are heralds of the day when soon the men, battle scarred and worn by combat, will flow down the streets and take the victory home. And so people crowded the sidewalks and peered from the windows of buildings to see and treasure what they saw. And pride glowed in every face.

There were smiles of happiness and pride on the faces of the men, and the gold bands of rank on their arms, smiles from the petty officers—the backbone of the navy—smiles from the men who made up the big bulk of the line, smiles from the men who carried the high stepping masses of the line, smiles from them all and answering smiles from the crowd. There was the deep camaraderie of spirit, something of the motive which made this nation a unit.

Up in a balcony opposite the reviewing stand at the Public Library a group of sailors and soldiers were gathered. They were watching the parade with interest and pride. It was taken up heartily by the crowd. And when the marines went by—men of the corps that made Chateau-Thierry a word emblazoned on the battle standard of the country—there was a round measure of applause. But on the whole, the parade was a demonstration for the ways of the fleet and the Grand Fleet, of which it was a part, are still all but unknown.

Masses Rejoice at Feeling Land.

The most of the rattling happiness that made this a day of days and nights at the landing piers where the men who have been so long abroad hopped ashore and stretched their legs upon their own home land. Even the dogs were exuberant; they wagged their tails and tipped with pleasure, and danced about in a way that was fitting merriment of some of the biggest and best fighting ships in the world. And the chattering and jollity continued until the men lined up and formed for the long march down town.

For hours people had been gathered along the line, crowding and clamoring for an opportunity to see more, shove and jostle in the good natured way peculiar to New York crowds on a holiday. In the windows of buildings and on the sidewalks there were hundreds of men in olive drab, with canes and crutches, or recovered from their wounds but with the stripes of honor on their arms.

Automobiles swerved up in front of the reviewing stand and men prominent in the city life or high in the navy or army lists, stepped out and their place taken by the representatives of the Grand Fleet. There were representatives of nearly every allied nation in subdued field uniforms or suits rich with the gift of their rank.

In one of the front rows could be seen Mr. Walker, who served in the despatch service at Zeebrugge on the Amphitrite when that British battle ship was sunk across the channel. Mr. Walker has a hook in place of a left hand now, but he held his feet rigidly to the music of the band and smiled in anticipation of the American representatives of the Grand Fleet.

A falsetto shout that the parade was being went up and behind a caval-

cade of mounted men came Mayor Hylan in his automobile. The Mayor stepped up in the grand stand, saluted the mounted men with a flourish of his arm and they clattered off down the street. Rodman Wanamaker, chairman of the Mayor's Reception Committee, took a place beside him. Men of the beach guard, the shore police of the navy, strolled by and were given a quip and a merry word from the sailors high above in the windows.

Another clatter of hoofs, the silent row of automobiles and Secretary of War Baker with Gen. Peyton C. March stepped out and posed for photographers while the irrepressible service men in the high balcony cried for three cheers, which were given with a will. Then the notables crowded thickly upon the platform, acting Secretary of State, Vice-Admiral Grant of the British navy, Major-General J. Franklin Bell, Rear Admiral Albert Gleaves, Admiral Nathaniel R. Usher, Secretary of the Interior Lane, Secretary of Agriculture Houston, Mrs. George Dewey, widow of the Admiral and the guests of Secretary and Mrs. Daniels, Police Commissioner Enright and Mrs. Enright, Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, Mrs. Gurnee Munn and many others.

And then up the avenue came the head of the parade, Secretary Daniels, round faced and smiling happily, and Admiral Henry T. Mayo riding at the front. They alighted and went to the reviewing stand, where they were joined by Rear Admiral Hugh Rodman, who led the parade on foot from Ninth street.

Back of them swung line after line of men in the distinctive olive drab of the marines, tall machine drilled men, who snapped eyes left at the command, and were hailed with shouts and hand claps and yells of "Wee by the Scapa Flow" in the balcony. They captured the imagination, these marines.

But just then a big red standard rose into sight and the grand stand rose to the occasion. It bore the inscription "Sixth Battle Squadron with British Grand Fleet" and it was carried proudly at the head of the crew of the battleship New York, Young Fleet, Walker, sitting in the stand, smiled happily and proudly. He was one of that Grand Fleet before they called for volunteers for the Zeebrugge expedition. "Anchors Aweigh" the band was playing.

## Stretcher Bearers March Too.

There was the dog mascot, the nondescript little rascal with a blanket made of some sailor's comforter, and like as two paws with the dog mascot of the Texas just behind. With the Texas came the first stretcher bearers, with red crosses on their arms, and the ways in the balcony yelled: "One for the Kaiser and one for the Crown Prince." The sentiment was popular.

There was a sharp distinction between the members of each crew. Half of them carried rifles over their shoulders and the others just marched. The little crowd in the balcony noticed the engineers' insignia on the collar of an officer leading one of these unarmed detachments and yelled appreciatively. "Three cheers for the black gang."

The crew of the Wyoming drew abreast after the Arkansas, and on the base drum of the band was the first of triumph noticed in the parade. There was a lettered blackly, "Der Tag, November 21, 1918, North Sea." A little Scotch terrier with a white ruff, which was written "Scapa Flow" trotted proudly with the crew of the Florida. Some of the men of this ship reminded one how versatile is the navy; they carried picks and shovels and Lewis machine guns. Another group of modern war mechanics were loaded with tools and axes and all the paraphernalia of a carpenter's shop.

Up the street a laugh grew and grew and reached the reviewing stand. A little French sailor strutted and danced behind a battalion, now waving his cap gaily, and then replacing it on his head wrong end foremost. Mr. Daniels, that advocate of temperance, noticed him and leaned out laughing until the ecstatic Gaul danced his way out of sight. The cheers slackened up a bit, and a soldier in the balcony cried to his fellows:

"Hey, put a little more pep in it! If your bunch came along here you'd yell your heads off."

Officers got personal greetings from the stand. Some one yelled at a stalwart Lieutenant: "Hey, Harry!" and Harry answered back: "See you at the McAlpin, 9 o'clock."

Right-o, Harry was there. Captains bowed and nodded to other officers in the stand, who waved their greetings. It was the first time they had seen one another in many months. They parried questions and sought safety in dignified silence, but it was hard to conceal the beating of hearts on their faces. Are they glad to be home? Do they like the looks of their own country after the gloom of the North Sea? Will there be gala times in the homes of the men of the American section of the Grand Fleet these days? Oh, boy!

Every man, woman and child in New York who could walk or ride from the Battery, Yonkers and points between apparently had squeezed into the immense throng that jammed sidewalks and windows and roofs all the way from Street 125th street to Madison Square along the line of march. All New York and those of Brooklyn who knew the way over the Bridge, there were thousands of people from all over the East and as far west as Chicago in the crowd that pressed in solid ranks along Broadway and Fifth Avenue.

Mothers and their little ones, girls galore, the most beautiful in the land, and the tired youngsters from East Side factories, old men and young men, soldiers by the thousands, hundreds of them were packed along Broadway from Ninety-sixth street to Fifty-seventh street, along Central Park South, around the Plaza, and down the bedecked Avenue of the Allies, hours before the parade actually swung along.

Pennsylvania Men Land First.

It was shortly after 12:30 o'clock when bluejackets started tumbling off the big gray monsters in the Hudson and schools of launches shot to the Ninety-sixth and Ninety-seventh street piers.

The first to nose into dock was a platoon of fifty sailors from the Pennsylvania, in command of Lieut. J. P. Lamm. As the bow drew up tight black Jack himself, as pitch as anything in the San Juan harbor, was considerably darker than black, hopped

to the plank, shook himself a couple of times, wriggled his tail to regain as much American dog joy as a mascot could, and thereupon set up a barking louder than any Broadway taxi starter. That was the first signal of the landing of the Victory fleet, and what a shouting and roar of welcome went up. It rattled up to Broadway, where was another huge mass of people.

The battalions from the Pennsylvania, Utah, Nevada, Oklahoma and Arizona formed at Ninety-sixth street, while those from the Florida, Wyoming, Arkansas, Texas and New York formed at Seventy-ninth street.

It was 1:30. Necks craned from the sidewalks and windows along Broadway. Sailors were harvesting fortunes, kids were shouting and little silk flags and souvenir navy blue banners bobbed like a choppy sea over the heads of the crowd that four thousand of Enright's finest were holding on the curb. With a crash of cymbals, a rumble of drums, blare of trombones and grunting of oom-pah-pahs, the parade got under way and the band music reechoed along Broadway. So the crowd stood on tiptoe and leaned further out to the street.

"Yeh, here he comes, here he comes!" was the shout as a gleaming automobile purled through the cleared street at the head of the parade.

"Why, Daniels, the boss of the navy, here he is, here he is! Hurrah, hurrah for Daniels!" and the figure of a tall, stout man in frock coat lifting his shining top piece to the cheering crowds could be seen in the automobile that was approaching. And as it came, the crowd's eyes were attracted by the sight of the man in the automobile. "Why, for the love of Pete, that's not Daniels, at all—it's Hylan."

And so it was. Behind, however, was the real Josephine, and just as smiling and happy as a two-year-old, for behind him were 10,000 products of grape juice and Carolina advice, and a mighty good looking 10,000 samples they were.

## ARMY POLICE IN BLACK BELT.

Precautions Taken to Prevent Recurrence of Disorders.

Military police were detailed last night to patrol the district around Myrtle and Hudson avenues, known as Brooklyn's "black belt," where on Christmas night several negro soldiers were arrested by the police and military authorities as the result of a disturbance. The assignment of the soldier police was a precautionary measure against further disorders and it is probable they will remain in the district for the rest of the Christmas holidays.

Two of the soldiers arrested by the police on Christmas night were arraigned yesterday in the Adams street court. Magistrate Nash sentenced Sergeant Ira Jackson to one day in jail and Private James Taylor to three days.

## SAILORS DRUGGED AND ROBBED

Twenty Complaints Made Against One Tenderloin House.

The District Attorney's office, working in cooperation with the army and naval officials to protect soldiers and sailors in New York during the holiday season, received reports yesterday from twenty sailors who said they were drugged and robbed of every cent and article of value they possessed.

The sailors all told practically the same story of how they were inveigled to a house in Forty-fifth street near Sixth Avenue, and of losing consciousness shortly after their arrival. The flying auto squadrons of naval and military police were directed to the house by the victims and a search of it was made under the direction of James E. Smith, Assistant District Attorney, but without the finding of evidence sufficient to justify the making of arrests.

According to Mr. Smith there are thirty places in the vicinity of the Forties west of Broadway which are under suspicion as having been fitted up for the express purpose of victimizing visiting soldiers and sailors.

Arrangements for policing the city were completed yesterday, when 2,900 sailors and 1,000 soldiers were put on patrol duty. These patrols are backed up by three automobile flying squadrons of twenty men each stationed at strategic points.

## WOUNDED CANNOT GET LIBERTY BONDS

Soldiers of Cape May Want Securities They Bought.

Special Despatch to The Sun.

CAPE MAY, N. J., Dec. 26.—Many of the 900 wounded men in Army Hospital No. 11 here, formerly Hotel Cape May, who bought Liberty Bonds while they were fighting in France, are complaining because they have neither received their bonds, which they had fully paid for in most instances last June, nor any pay with which to purchase out of their savings civilian clothes to wear after their discharge.

Most of them purchased the Second Liberty Loan Bonds and paid \$5 monthly for the \$50 bonds. Many depended upon them to use after discharge to start anew in civilian life. Col. Paul F. Straub, commandant of the hospital, has aided some of the discharged men to sell their bonds, delivery to be made when the bonds came. These men have had to use the proceeds of the sale of the not received bonds for their passage and expenses home. Many live in the West. Back pay also is due a lot of the men. Many even have to resort to public spirited citizens here for assistance to go home. Some have not received pay since June.

Lieut. M. S. Howard has become a good samaritan to some and invested all his money in these bonds. Capt. Ira B. Phillips, post adjutant, has taken the matter up with the War Department.

## GERMANS HOPE FOR COLONIES.

Self Still Retains Post, Though Out of Foreign Office.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 26.—That the Germans hope to retain their colonies is indicated in a despatch from Berlin, received today through official channels, announcing that Dr. Solf's recent resignation referred only to the Foreign Office and that he still retains the post of Secretary of the Colonies.

This despatch quotes the Berlin Tageblatt as authority for the statement.

## MANY CITY CRAFT GREET WAR FLEET

Steamer Taurus and Ferryboat Queens Take Hundreds to Reviewing Line.

## HIGHLANDER IS MISSING

Fails to Show Up to Take Official Guests—Correction Carries Crowd.

Besides Mayor Hylan and the executives of his Committee on Welcome, who started from the Battery on the police boat Patrol half a dozen or more city craft participated in the welcome to the fleet.

Cards of invitation to the various craft had been issued by Grover A. Whalen, the Mayor's secretary, bidding those who would go down the bay to be at the Battery at 8:30. Long before that hour, however, and despite the threatening blizzard, every ticket holder and several thousand who had not tickets lined the Battery wall hoping for a chance to board one or another of the official welcoming craft.

Deck Commander Hubert headed a party on the Dock Department's steamboat Manhattan, and James A. Hamilton, Commissioner of Correction, entertained a party on the department boat Correction.

## Highlander Doesn't Show Up.

Several hundred invitations for the steamboat Highlander had been issued, and the persons, including a great many women, who expected to board her, were on hand at the appointed time. But for some reason or other that no one seemed to know exactly the Highlander did not appear.

After a delay of half an hour or so the ferryboat Queens and the steamboat Taurus were pressed into service, and those holding tickets for the Highlander were directed to board those boats. While this created a certain amount of confusion, it was in reality no disappointment, because the two vessels were able to accommodate more than the Highlander could, and many persons without tickets who had not hoped to do more than see the fleet pass the Battery were able to go down the bay and witness the review before the Mayflower from a better vantage point.

It was soon after 9 o'clock that the welcoming fleet of the Mayor's committee, including the Queens and Taurus, left the Battery to take their positions on the port side of the Mayflower. The harbor was literally alive with all manner of small naval craft, special patrols, submarine chasers and launches. Naval officers in charge of the arrangements shouted orders through megaphones from the decks of the smaller craft, frequently laying out articles of value they possessed.

## Deck Captain Helps a Lot.

Aboard the Correction, where Commissioner Hamilton entertained between three and four hundred men, and when she reached the appointed place in the line Commissioner Hamilton gave the order to drop the anchor. "What's that?" demanded Mate William J. Burke. "Heave to and drop the hook," replied the Commissioner and a sailor. Now the Correction piers usually from the department pier at East Twenty-second street to Blackwell's Island and back again and hasn't had occasion to use an anchor for many years. But Mate Burke proved himself equal to the occasion. In the hold he found an anchor, and some of the crew dug up a line. Between the lot and with the assistance of some ship news reporters who were aboard the line was finally bent on to the hook in a more or less approved fashion, and then thrown over the side just in time for the craft to swing about in an approximately correct position.

Goes Up River to 120th Street.

"That's the first time I ever dropped anchor from this craft and I call it a pretty fair piece of work," observed Mate Burke.

The fleet had passed in review the Correction swung in behind the ferryboat Queens and passed to port of the gray ironclads, by this time in their appointed positions in the North River. The Correction went up to 120th street, where most of her company went ashore in time to take the subway down town to witness the land parade.

Among those on board were William J. Dalton, Deputy Commissioner of Correction; John M. Tierney, Harbor Master; James C. Van Sicken and John W. McAvoy, Supreme Court Justices; Burr J. Humphrey of Queens County Judge; Judge Mitchell M. of Kings; George M. S. Schulze of the Bronx, Submarine; Richardson Webster of Kings; Register; Dr. William L. Ettlinger, City Superintendent of Schools; David H. Knott, Sheriff; Peter J. Brady, Supervisor of the City Record; Dr. John W. Brennan, superintendent of Bellevue and Allied Hos-

pitals; Bryan L. Kennelly, Charles Ebbets, owner of the Brooklyn National League Baseball Club; Jacob A. Cantor, president of the Tax Board; John Gilchrist, License Commissioner; Dr. Jonathan C. Day, Commissioner of Markets; David Hirschfeld, Commissioner of Accounts, and Police Inspectors Gray and Henry.

7,468 WOUNDED BACK IN WEEK

New York Receives 8,828—Newspaper News 1,640.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 26.—During the week ended December 20, 7,468 wounded and sick soldiers were landed in the United States from the American Expeditionary Force.

The Surgeon-General's report to-day shows 8,828 were received at New York and 1,640 at Newport News.

WHITE CHRISTMAS FOR ARMY ON RHINE

Snow Fell Over Entire Area Occupied by the American Troops.

By the Associated Press.

CORONA, Dec. 25 (delayed).—Snow greeted the American troops in the occupied areas, on Christmas morning.

It began falling after midnight and continued to come down until the entire district around Treves was covered to the depth of several inches, and in the afternoon the fall was still in progress.

In the highlands east of the Rhine the snow was heavier in places than elsewhere. Along the outlying sections of the bridgehead, for instance, it reached the depth of half a foot.

## ZEPPELIN TO LINK U. S. WITH EUROPE

Will Fly Between New York and Hamburg as Merchant Craft, Says Paris Paper.

## CAN EASILY CROSS OCEAN

Head of Aero Club Declares Plan Is Feasible—3,000 Mile Trip Possible.

PARIS, Dec. 26.—Disarmed German Zeppelins will be converted into aerial merchantmen to ply between New York and Hamburg, according to the Echo de Paris.

The Zeppelin line between New York and Hamburg is entirely within the range of possibility, according to Alan R. Hawley, president of the Aero Club of America, commenting upon the story published in the Echo de Paris.

Mr. Hawley said that Germany possesses super-Zeppelins at the present time easily capable of crossing the Atlantic without stops for fuel or replenishment of gas.

"There is no obstacle in Germany now that has remained in the air for two weeks without descending," Mr. Hawley said. "This airship is nearly 800 feet long, has five engines and an envelope holding 3,000,000 cubic feet of gas. The ship can ascend to about 24,000 feet, and can make a transit of fifty-five to ninety miles an hour on its own power. If a wind is blowing with the ship she can make just as many more miles per hour as the wind is blowing, or she can stop all but one engine and save fuel."

From Bulgaria to Egypt.

"A Zeppelin has been reported to have flown from Jamboul in Bulgaria to Khartoum in Egypt and back, a distance of more than 1,000 miles, carrying a crew of twenty-two men and twenty-five tons of medicine and munitions. It was intended to transport the supplies to Gen. Lettow-Vorbeck in German East Africa, but a wireless received when the Zeppelin was over Khartoum notified its commander to return, as Lettow-Vorbeck had been captured."

The achievements of the United States in the field of the heavier than air machines are well known, but, according to Mr. Hawley, equally splendid results have been obtained by United States army officers who have been experimenting with dirigibles.

Rigid dirigibles of over eighty tons capacity have been built in this country, and we can look to some very remarkable developments in the construction and use of lighter than air craft in the immediate future," Mr. Hawley said.

## Comfort in Huge Airship.

"According to extracts from the report just completed by the civil aerial transport committee of the Air Board, the commercial airship offers a great advantage over the airplane, particularly concerning passengers, where comfort and ease of navigation, safety and a high rate of disposable lift are vital considerations."

Airships now exist, the report says, with a range of more than 4,000 miles, and they can travel at a speed of seventy-eight miles an hour. By running their engines slower a maximum range of 8,000 miles can be obtained. On the coast of Cape Town, South Africa, it is today aerially only a little more than three days from Southampton. This ship could fly across the Atlantic and return without stopping.

"The committee points out that the airship will soon develop a speed of 100 miles an hour, that it will be fitted with ample saloons, staterooms, an elevator to a roof garden, and will be able to remain in the air for more than a week."

Major Thomas F. Baldwin, a dirigible expert of the United States Army, who has studied the lighter than air craft for many years, said that the Zeppelins Germany had developed could easily travel back and forth between New York and Hamburg.

## FLIERS START FOR CAPITAL.

Four Who Crossed Continent Are Mapping Air Lines.

ARCADE, Pa., Dec. 26.—Four De Havilland army airplanes which made the cross continent flight from San Diego, Cal., arriving Tuesday, started today for Washington.

The first leg of the trip is from Dorr Field to Jacksonville, about 200 miles. The airmen are mapping aerial mail routes.

MESSAGE CHEERS SING SING.

Word From Former Osborne Aid Brings Hope of Kinder Regime.

Convicts who were gathered at a meeting at Sing Sing yesterday cheered a telegram sent to the Mutual Welfare League by Spencer Miller, Jr., formerly a deputy warden and right hand man to Thomas Mott Osborne, in which he said that the prisoners should be helped and everything would come their way soon.

The message did not mention Osborne by name and its exact text was not made public, but it was understood that it was placed upon it by the inmates. One was that Osborne, who had been barred from the prisons for two years, was coming back as warden, and the other was that he would take up advisory prison work under the new administration.

It was quite evident that the prisoners understood the telegram to mean that there would come a relaxation of the severe discipline that had obtained at the prison.

When the fleet had passed in review the Correction swung in behind the ferryboat Queens and passed to port of the gray ironclads, by this time in their appointed positions in the North River. The Correction went up to 120th street, where most of her company went ashore in time to take the subway down town to witness the land parade.

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